

The Origin of Penny

THE penny was not always held in light esteem. It is a very old coin, originally silver. The fourth part of a penny was called by the Anglo-Saxons feorthing—hence the present word, farthing.



Magazine Page



This Day in History

THIS is the anniversary of the death in 1859 of Thomas Babington Macaulay, historian, poet and writer. His "History of England," his "Lays of Ancient Rome," have won him a high place in literature.

THE ENEMIES OF WOMEN

By BLASCO IBANEZ

An Engrossing Story of Life and Love, Thrilling Episodes and Unique Situations From the Master Pen of One of the World's Greatest Novelists.

By Vicente Blasco Ibanez

THE Prince thought of Don Marcos, and what Attilio had told him. Poor Colonel! Imagine the man, at his age, trying to tame such a young wild cat.

He walked with a springy step in the direction of Monte Carlo. He passed the villas and the gardens as though contact with the ground had given his step fresh vigor and as though the fresh-like air had abrogated to some extent the laws of gravity.

When he reached the city he stopped in front of the steps of San Carlos Church. Through the door he could see the twinkling tapers, smell the odor of flowers and hear the droning of the organ and the voices of female worshippers. He felt like a boy once more, buoyant and fresh as the morning and had an impulse to follow the various families in their Sunday best who were ascending the steps. He was a Catholic through his father, a member of the Greek church through his mother, and nothing by his own inclination. Suddenly he felt a certain repugnance for the cavellike darkness, laden with perfumes and dotted with lights. So he went on breathing the open air with delight.

But as the Prince approached Monte Carlo he met hundreds of soldiers of many nations: French, English, Serbian and a few Russian officers, who reminded him of the former importance that his country had had in the war. Every variety of uniform worn by the various armies of the French Republic passed before his eyes, the horizon blue of the home troops, the mustard color of the soldiers of Morocco, the yellow fatigue caps of the French Legion and the red fez of the

Algerians and the negro sharpshooters.

Each one was maimed. The sunny land, with its lovely views of sea and sky, seemed peopled with a race that had survived a cataclysm. Elegant looking officers, with handsome figures, limped along, cautiously dragging one leg or else stepped gingerly on a foot so swathed in bandages that it was several times its natural size. Some of them were bent over like old men, leaning on sticks. Men of athletic proportions trembled as they walked, as though their skeletons were rattling about in the hollow wrapper of their bodies, wasted by consumption. Fingers were missing on hands; arms had been cut off until the shapeless stumps looked like fins.

Under their pads of cotton, cheeks retained the gashes made by hand grenades, scars like those left by cancer; the horrible cavity of the nose, which had been torn away in some men, was hidden by a black tampon attached to the ears. The faces of others were covered by masks of bandages, leaving nothing visible save eyes—sad eyes that seemed to look with fear to the day when they would have to grow accustomed to the horror of a face that a few months before had been youthful and now was like a vision in a nightmare.

The bodies of some of the passersby were intact, retaining their former strength and agility in all their limbs. Seen from behind they had kept all the vigor and suppleness of youth. But they walked abreast, holding tightly to one another's arms, their eyes lost in darkness, tapping the pavement with a stick which had taken the place of the vanished sword.

Michael stopped in the upper gardens to look down at the

One of the affecting scenes from the splendid motion picture, "The Enemies of Women," soon to be shown at the leading theatres.



Casino. Around the garden rail and on the benches backing up to it one could observe the living soul of Monte Carlo. The devotees who lived in Monte Carlo were likewise flocking there and mingling with the people who had come from other places. The yall mounted the marble steps following the three stair carpets held in place by brass rods that glistened in the sun.

"And to think that we're at it!" Michael thought. "And many of those who have gotten up early to make the trip and those who live here, too, have sons, or brothers, or husbands, who at the present moment are fighting and dying, perhaps!" Love of life, love of pleasure

and the vain hope of winning worked like an anaesthetic, causing them all to rise above their worries and forget so that they were able to live entirely in the present moment.

This general rush for the opening of the gaming hall disgusted the Prince and caused him to halt in his descent of the gentle slope of the gardens. It was repugnant to him to mix with the crowd that was loitering in the neighborhood of the Casino.

His desire to retrace his steps gave him an idea. "Suppose I go and surprise Alicia at her home. She would be so pleased!"

She had been at Villa Sirena twice since her first visit. A chance meeting in the street when

she was walking along with her friend, Glorinda, had served as a pretext for another visit to the refuge in the beautiful gardens or the "Enemies of Women." He found the "Generales" less hostile and dominating than he had imagined; but he could not understand Castro's passion for her. In spite of her beauty it seemed to him that she was talking to a man. The duchess had complained that day of Michael's failure to call on her.

"I'm always the one who is looking you up; you never deign to visit my house. How poor I really am!"

Remembering her humble protest three prince no longer hesitated. Turning his back on the

Casino, he began to ascend the sloping streets in the direction of the frontier line separating Monte Carlo from Beausseuil, streets that displayed names recalling spring: The Street of the Roses, of the Carnations, of the Violets, of the Orchids.

He entered a short avenue formed of a double row of garden fences. He caught a glimpse of the houses between columns of palm trees, and the firm leaves of the large magnolias. As he went along he read the names of the small estates carved on little plaques of red marble, placed at the entrances to the grounds. "Villa-Rosa" here it was.

He pushed open the iron gate, which was ajar, without hearing

Duchess de Delille (Alma Rubens) sees for the first time the son she has tried to forget (William Collier, Jr.) and experiences a thrill of belated mother love

Follow This Romance Here, Then Watch For It in Motion Pictures With Lionel Barrymore, Alma Rubens and an All-Star Cast

the sound of a voice or the barking of a dog to greet his presence. He saw a small garden half deserted, grown up with weeds at the foot of the untrimmed trees and covering the space that had formerly been occupied by flower beds. The rest was emore carelessly tended, but it was a vegetable garden, with rectangles of green stuffs, intensively cultivated. Lubimoff approached without meeting anyone. It occurred to him that the gardener must have been the man with the dog, whom he had met as he turned into the street.

Then he mounted the four steps at the entrance. Here, too, the door was ajar, and pushing it all the way open, he found himself in a hallway with stairs leading to the upper story.

There was no one in sight. He tried the doors of the adjoining rooms, and found them locked. There was not a sound, as though the house were deserted. But the silence was suddenly broken by a voice floating down the stairway. It was a faint voice, singing a slow, sad English air. The song was accompanied by a sound of dull blows, as though hands were beating and shaping up some large unresisting object.

Michael thought he recognized Alicia's voice. He coughed several times without result; he was not heard. He was about to call to let her know he was there, but refrained, through a sudden impulse to play a little joke on her. Why shouldn't he surprise her by going upstairs, the one part of the house where she was now living? His hesitation vanished. Upstairs he would go!

From the first landing he saw several doors, but only one was open, and it was from that one that the sounds of the song and the thumping were coming. A

woman bending over a bed, was holding out her arms and vigorously shaking up a pillow. Instinctively she felt that some one was standing behind her, and turning around she gave an exclamation of surprise on seeing Michael in the doorway. He, for his part, was no less surprised to recognize the woman as Alicia; an Alicia dressed in an elegant but old negligee, with crumpled gloves on her hands, and a veil wrapped around her hair.

"You! It's you!" she exclaimed. "How you frightened me!" Immediately she recovered her composure, and smiled at Michael when he tried to explain his intrusion. He had not met any one; the gate and door were open. She too excused herself, in turn. It was Sunday; Valeria, her companion, had gone to Nice to take lunch with a family she knew; her maid and the gardener's wife were at mass; the old man had gone out a moment ago to see some friends.

After these mutual explanations they both remained silent, looking at each other hesitatingly, not knowing what to say, but still smiling.

"You making your bed?" Michael remarked just to say something.

A Decided Novelty. "So you see, this is rather different from my bedroom in Paris. It is hardly the 'study' that I took you to, either. Times have changed."

Michael gravely nodded assent. Yes, times have changed.

"At any rate," Alicia laughed, "you must confess that there is a certain novelty in seeing the Duchess de Delille, madcap Alicia, making her bed."

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YOUR RICH FRIENDS

DO YOU TRY TO KEEP UP WITH THEM?

By Beatrice Fairfax.

Who Occupies a Unique Position in the Writing World as an Authority on the Problems of Girls.

AVICE belongs to a group of girls all of whom have more worldly goods than she. One of her chums has great wealth, another has beauty as well as position, another has family to add to the riches her father dowers her with, and the fourth has just made a brilliant marriage.

Avice has a splendid position. She earns twenty-six hundred dollars a year and has no one dependent on her for support. But the fifty dollars a week which might mean so much to another girl is little indeed measured in terms of the country houses and automobiles and smart apartments of Avice's friends. Someone said to me the other day:

"I don't see how Avice May keeps up with the crowd she goes with. She must be a regular little parasite—taking everything and giving nothing. I'll bet all her pretty clothes come from some of her friends' cast off garments, baggy old coats, shabby about every dinner and never pays a taxi fare when she can get one of her pals to send a car for her. I tell you that girl is a grafter for fair and I know it." "A grafter?" I repeated. "Isn't there any way of keeping up your end of things except in terms of dinners and auto rides and weekends at country homes? Now I happen to know that Avice May gives her friends things far more important than the worldly benefits they can heap upon her without any cost to themselves. She gives sympathy, understanding, loyalty, help in the problems we all have to face, her time, herself—"

"Yes," smiled my informant serenely. "I daren't say. But she is a grafter all the same and every one thinks so. That's what a girl gets when she travels around with a millionaire bunch on a fifty-a-week salary."

Nor could she be moved from her position. She went right on treating the everybody knows that when a poor girl travels with a rich set she has to keep up, and the only way to do it is to be a little sister of the rich and take the crumbs that fall from the table.

If any one of you have tried going about with folks who have a lot more money than you, you know the struggle there is to do the things they do, to pay your way in some coin of the realm and to keep up appearances, so you won't stand out as the poor relation.

Yet why should friendships be measured in terms of what one

can afford and what another cannot? Chiefly because we all grow accustomed to living on the scale we can afford. And when we glimpse things beyond our means we admire them and pass by. But when we are brought in constant contact with the rich and the luxurious we do not glance and wave them aside as out of our reach. We are likely to begin contriving and planning to own what seems taken for granted by every one else we know.

Most of us are happier paying our way in the accepted coin of exchange. Most of us feel at home traveling with folks to whom the movies—or a seat in the gallery at the opera—is a treat, if those things are suited to our means. And we feel ill at ease in parterre boxes when our whole year's income wouldn't pay for one subscription seat at the opera.

Work and ability enable us all to climb the social ladder—to climb out of an environment we do not find satisfying. But the thing we have presented to us by favor of our rich friends affects us a bit as it did Avice's critic. We feel like grafters—and that is the next step to being parasites and sycophants.

We must all be careful to pay our way as we go, and not to strive to make ourselves a place in any group where we cannot give fully as much as we take.

RECIPES YOU WILL LIKE

These recipes have been tested by Good Housekeeping Institute and are republished by special arrangement with Good Housekeeping, the nation's greatest magazine of the home.

Tea Dainties.

ANOTHER especially good tea accompaniment is Tea Dainties, because they are not over-sweet. Sift together two cupfuls of pastry flour, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Cut into these dry ingredients four tablespoonfuls of shortening until well blended. Add gradually three-fourths cupful of milk, thus forming a soft dough.

Place a teaspoonful of this mixture in small, greased gem pans. Then add to each one-half teaspoonful of marshmallow paste, one-half a stoned date, and a few chopped walnut meats. Cover with another teaspoonful of the dough and bake in a 400-degree F. oven for ten or twelve minutes. This recipe makes about twenty cakes.

FASHIONABLE FOOTWEAR

By Rita Stuyvesant

THE longer frocks have brought about an interesting change in shoes. The flat heels of the past season are no longer in vogue for day-time wear, except for sports. There is nothing so ungainly as a long-dressed gown, worn with flat heels, for this type of gown requires the French or baby French heels for afternoon or evening and the moderately high Cuban heel with tailored frocks.

No longer is it correct to wear the sandal type of shoe for day-time, for one now finds the tongue or buckle shoe in first favor. The large colonial tongue is shown in leather matching the pump, or is made of black velvet, shirred to a fan shape. Gray in all shades, browns and black are seen during the day and buckles are of cut steel or jet.

With these pumps one wears the sheerest of chiffon hose, and the fashionable woman chooses the deep taupe shade of hosiery, rather than black, because it appears even more transparent.

For walking or driving or skating the low heel is in evidence, and cordovan pumps with a single strap may be selected in satin or to insure warmth. Woolen hose, too, is again in evidence for strenuous weather.

Sandals are still being worn for evening, and have several interesting features.

Metal brocade has invaded even the winter footwear, and the success of the evening costume may be due in part at least to the attractive footwear. Heels of plating colors are effective on the brocade slippers.

A pair of silver or gold slippers for evening is really an economy, for they may be worn with all kinds of gowns regardless of the color, and clean wonderfully well when tarnished.

The baby doll pumps with the broad strap across the ankle, tied at the outside by a ribbon bow, are well liked for afternoon wear, and may be selected in satin or patent leather. The toe is quaintly rounded after the French fashion of the past season.

For the woman who admires the charm of the long narrow vamp, pointed sharply at the toe, there are many excellent models. Single and double straps are shown as well as tongue and buckle effects.

Know That—

Young oysters float on the surface of the water for a time, then sink and fasten themselves to the bottom. Thus attached, they extract lime from the water and deposit it as a shell about their bodies.

The largest specie is probably the sulphur-bottomed or blue whale, which reaches a length of ninety feet or more, and approaches seventy tons in weight.

THE STRANGER

A Thrilling Drama

A STORY OF MYSTERY, LURE AND INTRIGUE

By John Goodman.

"MIND the shop!" he bawled to his uncle as he rushed down the passage.

"I'm off!" exclaimed Mr. Taggart, catching hold of him, "where to?" "Dunno. But o' the way, I'm called for."

He flung his astonished trainer violently against the wall and scudded along Billiter street, his coat flapping in the wind and his cap over one eye.

"Maybe that bloke I dotted is after her again," he muttered. "A job for me!"

An hour of rapid transit brought him to Lambeth, and he arrived, breathless and panting, in the little third-story sitting room. Joan Talbols was there.

She was standing erect, deadly pale, her lips curved in a faint fixed smile that reminded Alf of a waxwork figure. He stopped short and stared at her, smitten with a sudden sense of tragedy for which he could not account. His gaze traveled over the cheap linen dress and the worn shoes. The look of strained suffering in her eyes made him shiver.

"What's gone amiss?" he said hoarsely. "Jack brought your note. You—you've need of me, Joan?"

"The question," said Joan quietly, "is whether you have need of me."

He gaped at her quite at a loss. Joan looked at him strangely. Twice her lips moved as if in an effort to speak, but she said nothing.

"You got something you want me to do?" he said eagerly. "Anything on earth—just say it an' it's done, Joan—m-lady!"

"Don't call me that," she said quickly. "Have you not heard? I haven't. Emile told you."

"She's told me nothing. I ain't seen her."

"Ah, I see," said Joan, very slowly. The color flamed once to her cheeks and faded again. "I thought—perhaps she told you. No doubt she thinks—now—"

her voice nearly failed her. "She's quite right—"

Joan swayed a little and caught at the chair beside her.

"You ain't well!" exclaimed Alf, starting forward in alarm. "Sit down. Shall I fetch somebody?"

"No, no! Don't bring anybody!" Joan sank into the chair. "Sit over there, will you, Alf—by the window." He seated himself, looking rather frightened, where the light was full on his face. "There has been a—blunder," said Joan. "I am not Lady Talbols. I—I'm turned out. I have no money—no name—no anything. That is all."

She told him the plot of the story in a strangely even, emotionless voice. It seemed to Alf as though he were listening to someone talking in their sleep. Yet she made it pitilessly clear.

There was a stifled cry in every word she said.

The thing came home to Alf like a thunderclap. For a few moments his mind seemed to grope blindly after the truth. Into his eyes came a light of joy and amazement that

he could not suppress—a light of hope. He sprang up.

CHAPTER LIV. "Joan's Bargain."

"Then you ain't a viscountess?" he gasped. "You—you're just—Joan?"

She nodded. "Joan," he repeated dazedly, and then with a look of interrogation. "Joan—Ayre?"

"No," she said, "not that. Joan Nothing. Joan Nobody."

She gave a dreadful little laugh. "Joan—without a name," she said very quietly, "the unclaimed child of a thief. Now do you understand?"

Certainly, he understood. He stared at her blankly and tried to speak.

"What of it?" he said with a sudden wild outburst. "What's all this talk of what you are? You're Joan. What have them cursed to do to you?"

"Nothing. I have come back to my friend. Emile has given me shelter."

"But," he said in a strangled voice, "that chap you was going to—"

Alf checked himself in time. He had not realized what he was saying.

"If they've treated you bad," he said, shaking with rage, "all that kid-glove crowd—let me pay 'em! There must be rights of yours, that you can have yet. Tell me more about it—give me the job, Joan, it'll suit me!"

"No," she said quickly, "you are wrong. And all that is ended—finished. Don't speak of it again. That's not what I called you here for, Alf."

"What then?" he said, bewildered.

Joan was white as a sheet. She did not look at him, but stared dully at the wall, and for some time was silent.

"Can you not guess?" he muttered, "or—must I tell you?"

There was a stifled noise in Alf's throat. He leaned forward trembling.

"Joan, D'you mean—there's a chance for me?" he said hoarsely.

"Do you want me—still?" she said quietly.

"Want you?" he gasped, rising and moving slowly toward her. "To me, you're just the queen of all the women as walk on earth—an' always will be. Lord above us, do you think I care what you've got or ain't got? You're you! I love you. Want you?"

She held up her hand.

"Stop," she said. "I have a warning to give you. I will be best for you to go now, and leave the word unsaid. Rest, a hundred times, for you. To—turn me down. You are worth a much better fate than I can give. But it must be for you to choose."

There was a stifled cry in every word she said.

The thing came home to Alf like a thunderclap. For a few moments his mind seemed to grope blindly after the truth. Into his eyes came a light of joy and amazement that

VACATIONS IN WINTER

By BRICE BELDEN, M. D.

SCIENTISTS are now telling us that we don't need a vacation in the summer so much as in the winter.

People feel better in the autumn, because of the favorable conditions of the autumn season. This improved feeling, say the scientists, is ascribed to the summer vacation which one has had, but it is really due to the fine balancing of temperature and humidity which prevails in the autumn.

For the same reason we feel well in the spring. In the winter low temperature and humidity lower our powers. The theory that we do our best work in the winter is unsound. We are at our best in the spring and autumn, in fair condition during the summer, but most in need of a vacation in winter, when our powers most need conserving.

Summer is the best time for a vacation is so far as weather favorable to outdoor sports of the usual sort is concerned. Summer has its many charms, but this is really apart from the point under discussion.

It is during the cold months that workers in factories are most likely to lay off because of the feeling of unfitness. Some factories shut down or put their workers on part time after Christmas. Workers who take their vacations during the winter, say around the beginning of the year, seem to do superior work the year around.

January is our season of lowest efficiency, extremely cold weather is weakening, not exhilarating, despite the popular belief. Hot weather may be disconcerting, but it does not harm us so much as cold weather.

More rest during the winter would reduce the nervousness of Americans, who work then at highest pressure.

Household Hints

Cold tea rubbed on varnished furniture will give it a brilliant polish.

To remove ink stains while fresh, sprinkle with salt and rub with a cut lemon. Rinse with water and wash at once.

If hot stewed fruit is to be served in a glass dish, place the dish on a damp cloth and it will not crack when the fruit is poured into it.

After use, a sponge should be squeezed as dry as possible and then hung up by a string in the air to dry. When used with soap it should be squeezed in warm water and left to lie for a few minutes in cold water. Soap should never be left in sponges, and they should not be wrung, as this breaks the fibres and injures the elasticity.

WHEN A GIRL MARRIES

AN ABSORBING SERIAL OF EARLY WEDDED LIFE

By Ann Lisle

THE by-play between Wayne Park and his wife was mercifully lost on Ralph Lacy. But Park made me feel that in crying out my faith in his friend I had revealed something he was either very glad or very sorry to know. I wasn't sure which.

"Please go on with your story," I said. "I want to know what occurred when you two and the Hoadley-Rockhill combination met at luncheon."

"Nothing," Ralph Lacy grinned boyishly. "That's nothing much except an appointment to meet at dinner. It was from that dinner I telephoned you to beg for an hour. Max Hoadley was going out to his country place. Being a gentleman of fixer and setter habits, he seemed to think he must start at his regular hour."

"What did you want of me?" I asked.

"We wanted you to introduce some simple truth into what threatened to be nothing but a maze of diplomacy and of backing and filling to little or no purpose. It may have been our good fortune that you could not come."

"That's not very gallant, is it?" I retorted. "I refused. Not that I mind it in the least."

"You want the truth," replied Mr. Lacy. "Intently. If you could come we would have yielded to the temptation to force the issue. As it is things were carried over. They kept being 'continued in our next.' And last night we came down to Hoadley's country place for a conference. We telephoned you from there. When Park seemed to be chatting meaninglessly some just now he was indicating the unexpected element that enters into all our lives. That where did you come from, baby dear—out of the nowhere into the here? I referred to the amusing fact that we had come from a week-end with Max Hoadley."

"Go on—you big bully," laughed Park.

Realizing that they had to work off some of their energy in this fashion, I sat tolerantly still, tolerating the big sister to two roughish urchins.

"It's like this," continued Ralph Lacy. "We got out to Hoadley's still talking about the South American deal in hats which I heard about through some national advertisers who are in touch with the South American market. Hoadley was eating it up because it was hats. Young Rockhill was eating it up because it looked like money for the Yelda bunch, and they needed the cash. And then Park quietly asked which concern Mr. Hoadley wanted to have handle the deal."

"And that clarified things in the Hoadley mind," I exclaimed. "You said it!" approved Mr. Lacy. "Hoadley stormed out that his hat company was the apple of his eye, and he didn't see why a big deal like this should be handled in any other way than

through Hoadley's Hats. Then Park got into the game again—say, Park, you tell her what you said."

"Sure, I'll tell her! I said what you'd coached me to say. I burst out as one inspired and remarked that since the tip which was turning out to be such a good lead, I thought I belonged to him and to his company through which I'd elected to do the job. Whereupon Mr. Hoadley, with some of his engaging stubbornness of an old mule, said that if I thought I could handle this without him, why didn't I say so. And I smiled and said I wouldn't go as far as to say that. This remark—I paid to add—was also rebuffed and drilled into me by that Master Mind, R. Lacy, who will now continue with his Machievellian revelations."

"Language flew all about," Mr. Lacy smiled reminiscently. "And all of a sudden, Max Hoadley got an inspiration. He had been talking with a great deal of vivaciousness and candor. But suddenly he sat back and began to size up the situation and Park. Then he began to look at me—very circumspectly, as one who fears that his tread may be too heavy and his touch not light enough."